

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE

VOL. XX.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1862.

NUMBER 17.

CONVENTION OF THE UNITED STATES REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

Stirring Addresses by Eminent Leaders.

President Thurston's Eloquent Speech.

McKinley's Defense of his Pet Measure.

Prophecies of Success.

CINCINNATI, April 21.—No better weather could be desired than is favoring the first day's meeting of the Republican League of the United States. Delegates arrived in great numbers from the morning trains, and their rooms were busy with the preliminary arrangements, as well as with an exchange of views with regard to the men who shall be chosen for the presidency of the league. The election, however, will not take place today.

Music hall, where the meeting took place, was beautifully decorated with national flags and festooning of the national colors. Shortly after 12 o'clock President Thurston, escorted by ex-governor Foraker, Mayor Harrison, Hon. Wm. McKinley and others followed. The seats were rapidly filled, and in a few minutes the president called for order. Then followed a prayer by Rev. Dr. Howard Hopper, pastor of Trinity church of this city.

This is an illustration of the progress of political education that it minister called to open the podium. England was a brigadier general in the Confederate service and a friend of Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president.

Mr. W. L. Squire, of Toledo, president of the Ohio Republican League, spoke.

Major Moody on behalf of the city of Cincinnati made the opening address of welcome.

He was followed by ex-governor Foraker, who gave a welcome for the state of Ohio. In his address he said that the Ohio Republicans revered the memory of Lincoln and of Grant and were enthusiastic in their admiration of that greatest living American statesman, James G. Blaine. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

"You seem to be effecting the same way," said he, "and well you may be, for James G. Blaine has given us a magnificent administration."

Continuing his suit: "We in Ohio are soon to have a convention. It is no secret that we are fated to take the McKinley bill, for an issue and to place its honored author in nomination as our leader." Long continued cheering, when followed, W. L. Squire of Toledo, president of the Ohio Republican League.

Hon. H. J. Powers, of Vermont, replied to the address of welcome, and President Thurston made his address as follows:

"This is the greatest political organization of the Republican party. It has no party, it controls no patronage, it asks no administration favors; it is devoted alone to the advocacy and perpetuation of those great principles which guarantee liberty and equality to every American citizen. It follows the personal fortunes of no leaders, and will not commit itself to the custody of any man; it is for the masses and the popular of Republican national conception. The League is an army of patriotic troops. It offers service with the rank and file, it is ready to assume control of public authority over the nation's interests, of any committee entrusted with campaign management. The membership of the League already exceeds a million. This magnificent party has been recruited from the east and the west, the north and the south, from the city and the farm, the manufactory and the mine. It is the man of the plow, the man of the forge, the man of the loom, the man of the mine, the man of the shop, the man of the locomotive and of the furnace, the man of the store, the man of the college and the son of the temple.

In a single quarter of a century there have been bought in the United States and paid off or out of the accumulated savings of its workingmen 3,000,000 comfortable American homes. Protection on us not only furnished remunerative employment for 35,000,000, who were called for protection of the union and especially about the restoration of its glory, but it has also found profitable work for the willing hands of 30,000,000 more. It is time that the enactment of the McKinley bill, so near election day that its provisions could not be expected, its special effects determined, or the schools concerning its infinite cost. The Republican party, thousands of voters, but before the next presidential election its beneficial effects will have been apparent, and if any of its schedules prove to be excessive or unjust, the Republican party sends ready to correct its own mistakes with destroying the foundation principle of American protection. (Applause.)

The League was punctuated with frequent applause, but when the offer was announced from the president of the United States, the convention cheered again and again and again. Squire, Foraker, said that Congressman Neanderthal had made a prediction that within two years American protection would be 20 per cent less than the present, and that the president, A. Lincoln, had done the same, one of the largest establishments in the United States at that time, was buying tin now cheaper than it did one year ago.

The secretary then read letters received. The reading was punctuated with frequent applause, but when the offer was announced from the president of the United States, the convention cheered again and again and again. Squire, Foraker, said that Congressman Neanderthal had made a prediction that within two years American protection would be 20 per cent less than the present, and that the president, A. Lincoln, had done the same, one of the largest establishments in the United States at that time, was buying tin now cheaper than it did one year ago.

A dispatch to Delegates from Tennessee from Hon. J. C. Clarkson was by request read by Mr. Byrne of Minnesota:

Bozeman, April 22,

Hon. L. J. Cook:

"Sir—The party to whom you belong, the convention to which you belong, it is the party to whom the people of this country have given a full representation of what is in the hearts and minds of all the people."

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THE SPHERE.

VICTORIAN NEARLY DESTROYED BY THE ABOVE NAMED.

The Second Large Conflagration Within Six Months—The Work of an Incendiary—The Enterprise Burned out—Other Colored News.

MONTROSE, Colo., April 20.—Montrose was visited by the fire last for the second time in six months, this morning, and much valuable property was burned. For a time it seemed as if the whole town would be consumed. The fire was seen in the rear of the Montrose Enterprise office by H. W. Cain, who gave the first alarm at 3:15 o'clock.

The fire started in the center of a fruit row. The carts and tools and other traps were soon on the ground, but owing to defective telephone connection with the water works, it was fully ten minutes before sufficient pressure could be maintained to sustain three streams of water. It was soon seen that it was impossible to save the buildings in the row so attention was turned to the property adjacent.

The following is a list of those burned out: E. J. Matthews & Co., who sell fine retail groceries, stock and fixtures, \$10,000, insurance \$1000; C. A. McConnell, building, \$3500, insurance \$250; John F. St. John, law fixtures and stock \$2500, insurance \$250; M. L. Knopp's Montrose Enterprise, stock, presses and type, \$4000, insurance \$2500; Mrs. Miller and Wright, loss \$200; ex-Veteran, in typewriting buildings, value \$3000, insurance \$2500; G. D. Wood and P. O. Hopkins, loss \$300; Thomas Allen, meat market, loss \$500, no insurance.

The fire undoubtedly was of incendiary origin.

New Laws.

Denver, April 20.—Governor Rout signed three measures this morning:

S. B. 15 to divide the state judicial districts into three classes and to regulate the compensation of district attorneys.

S. B. 236 providing for the designation of a newspaper by the governor, state secretary and treasurer in Denver for the publication of supreme court notices and other state sign notices.

S. B. 129, the "World's Fair" bill, which appropriates \$100,000 for the purpose of Colorado's display at the Columbian exposition, it also provides for the levying of a tax not to exceed 2 mills by the several boards of county commissioners for the purpose of enabling counties to make additional displays.

A Judicial Appointment.

Denver, April 20.—Gov. Rout today appointed Attorney General Marsh to be judge of second judicial district.

The Washington Trial.

Denver, April 20.—The cross examination of Mrs. Avery, mother of Mr. Avery, was resumed at the opening of the Milington trial this morning. She answered Mr. Patterson's question, Mrs. Avery said that in addition to the \$300 which had been left Will by his grandfather, he had something less than \$1,000 given him by his father at the time of the marriage.

"Was it your mother who was insane or Mrs. Avery?" he asked. "I inquire," replied the witness.

"Mr. Avery's mother," replied the witness. She added, that the latter became insane two months after the loss of her children and finally committed suicide.

"Is it not true your husband and his brother Charles did not speak for twelve years?" continued Mr. Patterson.

"Yes," said Mrs. Avery, "John and Charles after their father's death and Charles would not speak to my husband, although my husband was always willing to speak to him."

"Was not your husband an invalid?"

"Yes, sir, he was very sickly when married till he was 90 years old."

"Would not your husband fall into many spells and not talk to any one?"

"Yes, sir, but he was cheerful continually for seven years before his death."

Frank Avery, one of her witnesses for the prosecution, was on the stand and testified as to the amount of money Mr. Avery received from his father at the time of his marriage, and as to the excellent condition of his health. They concluded the rebuttal.

"Your honor," said Mr. Patterson, "we are willing to submit the case without argument."

"Your honor," said Judge Baldwin, "we propose to argue the case."

So much adjournment was taken till tomorrow morning, when Mr. Garrigues will begin the speech making.

Mrs. Hatch's Suit.

Bostock, April 20.—The wife of Clark W. Hatch, formerly the well-known agent of the Travelers' Insurance company, has brought suit against the Atlantic National bank of this city for the recovery of \$8,000 worth of western mortgage notes which she alleges are her property. She previous to his trip west deposited a bundle of securities with the bank, portions of which consisted of western mortgage notes. After Hatch's arrest in Worcester for forgery, his wife went to the bank to get these notes, but the bank refused to give them to her.

The Presidents Trip.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., April 20.—The presidential party arrived here at 9 o'clock this morning, promptly on time. For the first time, since their departure from Washington, they were welcomed in heavy rain storm. The reception was most enthusiastic, but the effect of the liberal street decorations was spoilt by the steady down-pour, which necessitated the abandonment of all outdoor ceremonies. The reception committee included General Stearns, Representative Crain, Mayor Calahan, citizens and a number of ladies. The president was received with a military salute of twenty-one guns, and on leaving the train was escorted through a line composed of Grant Army men and Confederate veterans. The party were then taken in carriages to the Grand opera house which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Addresses

of welcome were made by Governor Egg and Mayor Calahan and responded to by the president, Secretary Root and Postmaster General Wanamaker. The president then gave a public reception, which was largely attended. A short visit was afterwards made to the military post at Fort Sam Houston where the party were entertained by General Sweeny and staff. The president again left here at 2 o'clock for El Paso, the members of an enthusiastic crowd a feature of the reception here was the general participation of the Mexican people.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Czar's Assassin, South Africa and the Salvation Army.

Summerton, the would-be assassin of the czar, is said to have confided in a number of Jews in Keif, and as a result, 300 of them have been expelled from Keif where a plot to murder the czar had its origin. Summerton, it is now known, is not a Russian, but a Lithuanian in origin, and his family, once prominent, had been reduced to poverty by Crispus against the czar's administration, the murderer having fled to Italy during Crispus' presidency. Some of the Italian newspapers, notably the *Secular*, Opinione, claim that American citizens' grievances against Italy are foreign to the subject and should not be considered at this time but it is the general view among foreign residents of Italy, so far as it has received by wire.

A Vienna Dispatch says that Count Taxis is favoring the anti-Jewish movement in order to gain Czecho-Slovak support. He has succeeded for the present in inducing the majority for the government in the Diet.

The young Czechs have presented their demand that the emperor shall be

crowned king of Bohemia and other changes effected in recognition of Bohemian nationality.

The German East African Co. have come

into existence and will see the new colony on its way to Africa. The Germans declare they will go onto Darjeeling whether the King is to help them or not, and that the country will be given up for both its agricultural and mineral values.

The announcement is a disappointment to an Englis' syndicate that had been formed for the purpose of seizing Sumatra, as soon as the Germans would give up, and which had resorted to contemptible methods in order to reach Africa in that quarter of the Germans.

The St. James Gazette expressed the hope that Lord Monkton-Churchill's journey to South Africa will give valuable results.

Gazette predicts a growth of a great African empire in the southern portion of that continent.

General Boettcher issued an appeal in behalf of the South African Army and its work. It is general says that he is short \$20,000 in the current expenses and fears that much of his work may have to be abandoned as he is as poor as goes for all he dare to do as a crown army for the sake of his dear wife without substantial assistance.

All parties in parliament are rather hoping that De Colombe, the Irish conservative member, will not be brought to the trial, as the government would be of a nature to shock the country, and would have a demoralizing influence.

The tragedy follows dense and misfortune among the German princesses who have been decoyed in marriage with the house of Monaco. The first victim is the Grand-Duchess Augusta, daughter of the late Grand-Duke Grand Duke Michael, brother of the czar. His unfortunate lady changed her name and her religion to please the Russian court, and became known as Olga. She was a beautiful woman, of a sweet and submissive disposition, and a favorite at the Museum and also at the German court, where she occasionally visited. The distance of her native Michael, whom the czar had separated from the royal family owing to his marriage to the Countess Mercedes, had driven the prince to despair and suicide. This tragedy is the outcome of the famous system of monogamous marriages still prevailing among the royal houses of Europe, and nearly every one of which is hampered by misery for the wife and children of inferior rank. The czar would not have cared if the grand duke had married the czarina's morganatic wife, but as an unrecognized wife who might break at any time the grand duke's marriage was to his great good, for a number of years. The Countess Olga is the daughter of a famous union of Duke Nicholas of Nassau to a beautiful Russian named Anna of somewhat checkered matrimonial antecedents. She has been the offspring of a fully recognized prince by marriage, a czar would probably be proud, rather than ashamed of the connection. The family of Anna is of negro origin, being descended from a full-blooded negro who was a favorite of Peter the Great. Olga, the famous poet, belonged to the family. It appears, however, that this infamy was no obstacle to a monogamous marriage with one of the oldest ruling houses in Germany. Whether it entered into the thoughts of the czar in opposing to the countess as a member of the imperial family is not known.

While misery reigns in that branch of the house of Romanoff, another German princess whom many expected to be living in happiness with her husband, the young Grand Duke Constantine, a fugitive in Switzerland, after a sensational flight from Russia, was recently mentioned in these dispatches. The princess was with her two little boys, Prince Gabriel, aged four and three years. She was determined not to submit to the pressure put upon her to join the Russian faith, and so notified her father, Prince Maurice of Saxe-Altenburg, who is in general in the imperial army. He cordially approved her determination, as did also her agreeable uncle Prince Ernest, the reigning Duke who was then with his parents at Leipzig. After her midnight flight from Russia, the young wife was arrested and confined to a cell in Russia under existing circumstances and negotiations are in progress between her relatives and her husband, as to her future place of residence. The grand ducal couple are being put to great loss and inconvenience. At Berlin and St. Petersburg the houses in some parts of the villages are subterranean, and in others the houses are built on stilts. The water in the villages are flooded, and the water has gone down very rapidly. The waters are now entirely clear.

Cuba's Sugar Crop.

Washington, April 20.—According to the returns of the British consul agent at Havana, the sugar crop in Cuba for 1890 amounted to 65,890 tons, against 23,890 tons in 1889. Of molasses the total product was 22,223 tons, as compared with 10,059 tons in 1889. The exports of sugar to Europe from the first of January to July 31, 1890 consisted of 70,700 boxes, 66,000 bags each, equalling 9,865 tons. The exports to the United States during the same period were 35,000 boxes, 57,000 bags each, equalling 35,000 tons.

Prepared for War.

Zospain, April 20.—Advice from Cape Town confirming the statement previously cables that the British settlers in Xasional and Manica are everywhere preparing for a fight with the Portuguese. Gunpowder and small arms are being sent repudiating a claim to Portugal, and asking to be taken under the protection of the British. The chief is said to be deeply enraged at the capture by the Portuguese of two of his sons and one daughter as hostages. The sons were taken to Portugal to be educated, and the daughter is detained at Mozambique. Gunnemann was brought into submission at first, but a British triceratops informed him that the Portuguese would not care to injure the children, and now he wants to fight. The young chief, Embalo, of Gunnemann's tribe, to whom the daughter was to be given, was married shortly, and started with a band of warriors to fight the Portuguese.

The British-South African company's eng-

aging representatives in London had a meeting to day to discuss the South African situation. The opinion was freely expressed that unless Portugal promptly ceased her aggression measures the company would have to take action in defense of its charter rights.

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THE DAILY LETTER.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF EUROPEAN HAPPENINGS.

Italy's Criminals and Finances—A Widespread Sympathy for Crime—Unfortunate Princesses—The Crofter Question to be Investigated.

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LONDON, April 20.—Some days ago the government is said to have been awaiting an opportunity to raise a debate in regard to the working of the crofters act and the general condition of the class affected. During the course of business as previously this, we are now one or two motions occupying good places on the paper, upon private members' rights, which either directly or indirectly raise the question. Their object is instance has obtained. The first place on priority is the first of May, for a general resolution on this subject. A debate is certain as the government has no intention of raising Friday nights, and they are pledged to do so.

Agrees to this night, so that a debate would be out of the question, even if there were a real interest in the matter. As it is, the interests are abundant.

The review of the Italian authorizes the government to bring the Italian government to justice in trying to bring these men to justice instead of a deep impression in Rome, in Italy, it cannot be used by Crispus against the czar's administration, the murderer having fled to Italy during Crispus' presidency.

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THE SPIDER'S WEB.

SLJVS AND ROOKERES OF PARS.

Some Curious Out-of-the-Way Places on the Left Bank of the Seine—A Method of Trapping Criminals by the Police of the French Metropolis.

PARIS, April 8.—One winter's evening, four or five years ago, as I was crossing to go out to dinner, a porter came to my door with a note which read as follows: "Come this evening, 10 o'clock; curious case."

The writing and signature were those of a friend of mine, who was at that time secretary at a suburban police station. The poor fellow had since gone to his grave; he died just as he was about to be promoted to the post of superintendent and give the official tricou or scarf. Without loss of time I hurried a cab and drove to the police station, where a crowd was already assembled.

X. C. M., then head superintendent of police, had dispatched a dozen of his best detectives to arrest a brawny ruffian named Le Borgne who for upwards of six months past had been "wanted," but could be found nowhere. His misdeeds alone betrayed him whereabouts, which usually took place out by the *Route de Revalte*. He belonged to a species at one time we saw in London but little heard of in the French capital. He was a garrulot. His way of proceeding was simple in the extreme and peculiar to himself. Tall, stout and strong, he would take up his position at some point along that ugly and sordid road, with no other instrument than a plain leather strap, which he freely flung round the wayfarer's necks when passing the two ends of the strip over his shoulder, so would glut the unfortunate man on his back and while he held him there like a bundle, an accomplice rifled the victim's pockets. Le Borgne, however, repudiated one end of the strap, whereupon the man fell heavily to the ground, half-strangled, and before the latter came to his senses both villain and dispencer in one of the by-lanes.

Information has been given at headquarters by a "tourist" or passer-by, that Le Borgne would repeat the night at a low lodging house which stood in the middle of an open field along the road. The object, therefore, was to surround the place at night and nab him there.

At 11.30 p.m. we prepared to start forth with the "brigadier de la sapeuse," or police officer, who, after conferring with the super-intendent, mustered his men and instructed them how to proceed. They were to file off in pairs, what is technically called the "spider's web." This operation consists in stepping round the house at 500 yards' distance every way, so as to form an extended circle, and at a given signal to bear down upon it. Every man an enough within a radius of 500 yards from the house is to be arrested, as soon as the concentration begins.

I was somewhat at a loss to know what part I should have to play in this, to me, quite novel expedition; but my friend the secretary set matters right by assigning me a position along with his side by side with the police superintendent, whose authorization had been obtained.

The detectives went off on their mission with the brigadier and we three started straight for the house, where everything seemed as quiet as the grave. As we moved round the frowsy tenement, however, we detected a faint light issuing from one of the windows, or rather apertures in the thick wall at the back of the structure.

"How is it we must get past the super-intendent, pointing to the light above, adding, "Le Borgne shall be here proceeding further, let us wait for him."

Soon a vague rumor like that of voices rustled by the wind reached my ear; it proved to be the noise of the approaching detectives, who gradually drew in around the house and brought in two men and a woman, who seemed musty but satisfied at their summary arrest.

The police superintendent, who had a guard in his hand, closely scrutinized the prisoners, and satisfied that they were in no way connected with the business in any order, their immediate release. They were sent off with excuses for the trouble he had put them to.

Not a soul seemed likely to come out of the house, so that the ruffian was evidently still inside. The brigadier gave three long raps at the door. At once the light went out, but no one answered his summons. A few minutes passed. Again the brigadier knocked with no better result.

"We must break open the door," said the superintendent.

At this juncture one of the detectives called attention to a side door in the fencing which might be more easily forced in order to gain admittance. The secretary went up to it, and putting both hands against the panels, pushed forward with all his weight so as to break the lock. The door, however, not being locked, flew open with a bang, and my poor fatigued friend fell forward into the enclosure. He was unfastened from the top to toe, cursing the impudent and impudent, and my poor fatigued friend lay on the floor, gasping for breath. The secretary, who had just now realized this fact, and thought it was high time to give up their futile game of feigning to be asleep. A wretched appearance on the doorstep and calmed out in a single voice:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

The magistrate's name is his office, sir. She, bowing assent, drew aside, and we all three rushed in. There was to one on the ground floor, no one on the first story, and only a bed, and one, was to be seen on the second floor.

"It is mine," said the woman; "I am a one here."

But the secretary found a bed with the counterpane hastily thrown up in an adjoining room, from which evidently someone had shortly departed.

"And what about this one?" he inquired.

"Is the bed, where a travelet slept last night?" answered the woman.

"Then why is it still warm?" asked the secretary, who sat with his hands under the

counterpane. The woman made no answer. "We have found the nest," added the secretary. "The bird cannot be far off."

The secretary went on with renewed eagerness, but the reply was now more fully found. A heap of rags in the yard caught our attention, and every rag was brought to bear upon it. After examination a small opening was discovered through which a man might creep on his hands and feet. The rags were disengaged and a hole in the wall was revealed, through which Le Borgne had escaped. Just as we were making this unsuspicious discovery inside the yard, a cry from the outside brought us out to the spot in a twinkling. In trying to creep out of this narrow passage he was, in order to gain the open field and run away, thrown into the arms of a dozen of his pursuers who had followed into the depths of the garden. One of the men who had been sent for, to put paid to the sufferers one or two visits, writing out prescriptions which could not be made up for want of time, and the Sisters of Mercy who had attempted to save the Chez Jeanne d'Arc under their special protection, were driven away by the inhabitants, who regret the church with suspicion since the reputation has preceded the triumph of the Marian era. Further on the wife had been carried off to the hospital, and the husband had been sent to nurse the sick child. There were some in some of the upper rooms who were aged persons, men and women, the descendants of fortune, weary of life, waiting patiently for death, others regarding the imminent attentions of those who tried to free them from the clutch of the grim scythe-man. One old woman, who, from her past, had seen better days, occupied a prominent position in society under the restoration, was lying on a matress unconscious of what was passing around her. She had subsisted for years by writing begging letters, and the secret of how she had done from her inheritance had never been known. From the bottle by her side, which smelt strongly of cigar-bright.

In spite of the influences of civilization on the one hand, due of course to officials of the other, it won't seem as if the taste for living like savages was extinguishable among certain classes of the population, especially in large cities like Paris. A perfect set of barabbars will be found, near the Esplanade, in a place known as the Sentier des Bérets. The houses, if they can be so called, are seldom more than one story in height, and have a basement which reaches quite as far as the upper part of the house. In fact, as the price for the subterranean lodgings is lower than that charged above ground, it is "down stairs." The most abject scenes of misery may be contemplated. The wrecks who here are stowed incriminate you in the shape of straw-mops, women and children together, and the only attempt at separating one family from another is made by tracing with a rag-picker's stick a frontier line among the camp-ground. It is, however, a rather curious trait, which may interest enquirers, into the theory of occupancy and proprietorship that this very feeble writer is so comestrelled by a wretched hunger. Apparently, the iron that proves its yesterdays among these prevents any encroachments of this sort on the territory which it occupies.

As for the foot of these miserable creatures, it seems to consist to a great extent of the refuse of the streets, sweepings and boiled town in fact, so-called, which is warmed by a fire lit in the crevices of the earth floor. The straw fiber is so soft, so collected, that it is easy to meet with not more than a hundred yards from where the grass and evergreens are, so carefully tended by the gardeners of the City of Paris. But in the logicie sends a telegram to the Cite Jeanne d'Arc, which runs from the street of that name into the Rue Nationale, a distance of under 50 feet. The report sent in respecting the inmates of this little strong castle of the Bievre.

The Place d'Ile, once described as the most dangerous spot in Paris, has been transformed into a pretty garden, a smiling garden, standing out in strange contrast with the squalid misery to be met with not more than a hundred yards from where the grass and evergreens are, so carefully tended by the gardeners of the City of Paris. But in the logicie sends a telegram to the Cite Jeanne d'Arc, which runs from the street of that name into the Rue Nationale, a distance of under 50 feet. The report sent in respecting the inmates of this little strong castle of the Bievre.

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BY THE DUCHESS.

AUTHOR OF "PHYLIS," "MOLLY DAWNS," ETC.

Written for the GAZETTE.

"Oh it's all very well calling her a widow; and saying she is poor! I don't see how that is to explain Godfrey's open devotion to her."

She tips her foot upon the carpet and bows slightly. Her manner is somewhat wilful; face shows signs of coming storm.

"My dear, your husband is an old friend of her family; and besides, her husband, Reginald Dalton, was well known to him. He naturally feels an interest in her."

"Pouf!"

"Of course, Mabel, if you continue to listen to reason," says Lucy. "You know what severity there is no use in my saying anything."

"But what is reason, Auntie? I say a fact before you, and you call it 'pouf'! Surely there is no reason in that!"

"The fact that Godfrey spends four hours out of every day closeted alone with that detestable woman."

"There are facts or fictions with a vengeance for your house every day."

"Well, for the last week."

"Closely at one?"

"Oh! You perfectly certain of that? thinking her pretty and vigorous."

"And therefore, of course, you are equally certain that Mrs. Dalton is a detestable woman?"

"Very good."

It is now half-past four. Mrs. Blount has lunched at Lucy's and, in mid-sentence of telling her husband of home by her to him,

No doubt he too had gone out—and with Mrs. Dalton. It must have been a very excellent occasion to have lasted so long—or else, if the audience was brief, the company must have been staying up late.

"What spirit you have," says Mr. Blount, in a melancholy tone. "We'll go to bed, keep up if you can. 'Keep up, keep up!'"

"Reinhardt," says Mrs. Dalton anxiously, "it is to be a secret between you and me. It is, of course, change my name, and make success, this very evening, without letting the servants know what going to do."

"Of course."

Mrs. Blount, having got her point, reaches home first, and, after her husband's return, she is in the library, the servant having told her that her husband is the originator of Mrs. Dalton's disappearance.

"What an early hour to be out, my dear?" says Lucy, as Mabel is shown into her morning room.

"Never mind the hours—here's mind anything but what I am going to tell you," says Mabel, in a rather strained tone. "She is gone. You don't understand," says Lucy. "Mrs. Dalton is gone. Disappeared. Her own servants don't know anything about it."

"Shade it off."

"Last evening, according to the frightened person who opened the door."

"She died?" You don't mean to hint that there is a use for—Gone gracious, Mabel, the poor soul; and seen very unfortunate in her affairs of late, and perhaps—"

"I don't think you need be frightened," says Mabel, with a cold, lifeless laugh. "I don't think suicide was in her thoughts. There was something better than that."

"You need more than you say, Mabel. What was it? What is in her thoughts?"

"Godfrey, Uncle," returns Godfrey's wife very simply.

"Mabel, indignant."

"Yes, I'm sorry."

"Am I to understand," sternly, "that you accuse your husband of unfair fitness?" Lucy Dalton rises and has passed from the strongroom to the parlour again.

"Yes! You, Mabel? We? I? We? It is plain that we are the sinners amongst my many papers that surround me. 'The wife,' however, it is only plain that he is distinctly a friend of hers, and wanting in every courtesy."

"It is come to this," says she, "that you can't share me a moment!"

"My dear girl! What? It pushes one his papers, and I am afraid, beyond impatience: 'Want it? I'm extremely busy, but—let go on, dearest! Good, as usual. Realy that woman is the worry of your life. Must be dismissed at once!'

"Oh, not that man?"

"Xat, that man?" Lucy is still holding him, but not tiring of paper or man, "I am not tiring of paper or man," says Mrs. Blount, with a rising wile.

"No? Then it must be your own. What has Lady Dalton been doing this time?"

"She has been doing nothing."

"You see, I have come to the end of my tether," says she, coming toward her companion. "I can't help but put my shoulder to the wheel from this side forward."

"It seems iniquitous," says Mr. Blount warmly. "You is a tall, spare man, very young in appearance for his thirty-five years, and very good to look at. Good in manners, thin, one, of a quiet, dignified order is situated upon his brow. Just now he is indicative of an honest, concern that might well be called grief."

"Ah, well," says Mrs. Dalton; "there is no use in going into that. What I wished to see you for today, was to show you this," pushing the paper at her feet, "and to tell you of the resolution to which I have at last come."

"You mean—"

"Captain Arkwright, for one. You must know he is not well thought of—by—by—"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"By decent people, I suppose, I would have it," says Lucy, "but Captain Arkwright and I don't care if I never heard of him again. I can't see why he need be brought into this conversation, or any other for the matter of that. Not that I am so hasty of mind as you are. He is very thin, and often of like when Godfrey is too busy with—what is his cases," bitterly, "to take me out."

"You are a hating again to Mrs. Dalton, I beg you, Mabel, to dismiss all unworthy thoughts from your mind; it is a very good woman."

"And a very kindly one—"

"And my master, to bear her trouble with great dignity, taking no notice of the interruption."

"I am some one dignified. I expect such everything that I am not."

"Lucy Dalton brings her soul down."

"You see she has learned to bear her misfortunes with dignity. You understand her. She has earned more than that."

"What?"

"To console herself for her loss."

"I fail to follow your meaning."

"Well, that is of little consequence. And yet, I must say that she adores Godfrey to consider him."

"What?"

"By permitting him to take up the past. And this is a fruitful subject; with a widow, is it not? So no one can object to it in Mrs. Dalton. You see, Auntie, you should have let me finish my sentence before censuring me."

"I was wrong," admits Lucy. "And I can give you see Godfrey's real position toward her."

"Oh, yes, I can see that."

Lady Dalton casts a sharp glance at her, and Mrs. Blount's eyes are carefully lowered. "No doubt, as I said before, he is trying to arrange her affairs."

"No doubt."

"He is a kind man. I have always understood, and giving himself a great deal of trouble without hope of reward."

At this Mrs. Blount laughs a little. "You are sure of that?"

"Perfectly sure. Your husband can't expect a penny for looking after her affairs."

"That proves, now, I'm interested, that he has forced himself through her, for her."

"Go home. You give me no more of your time. I wonder," playfully, "your wife is not much to you?"

"Mabel. Oh, nonsense. She is the center, the sweets of girls. Some day, I suppose, you know to her, or to you. What is the difference?—a ways longer. Any woman who to know her, you will like her."

"I am sure of that," continues Lucy. "Good-bye. You to not?" anxiously, "disapprove of the steps I am taking?"

"No," Lucy answers. "No," again, this time with greater strength. "He is an old man, I believe his future paymaster of yours, and highly respectable."

"Not very old, to judge from his letters."

"Old enough, anyway."

"And besides, I'm old enough," says she, laughing softly.

"Do you care of yourself?"

"I am so. Now go. I'm glad to have you with you about us. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. You have to go to see Captain Arkwright."

"I am not old enough to go to see him."

"I am not old enough to go to see him."

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its own mind as its interest for need desire.

"Well, the fact remains," said Mr. Blount, "she was very wretched about it. And now she is gone—do you hope not to a wretched grave?" sobbed Mrs. Blount with terrible paths.

"Do you anticipate the sinking of the ship?" demanded Mr. Blount, regarding her with a giddy eye. "He is now indeed far gone in desperate conjecture."

"Godfrey, rouse yourself!" says Mrs. Blount suddenly. She springs to her feet, but being a big woman, the spring gives conundrum to a good many articles of furniture in the room. It sensibly disturbs the chair on the back of which Mr. Blount is leaning, and the shock communicating itself to him does him a world of good."

"I am roused!" said he, standing bolt upright. "It seems to me that the first thing to do is to find her, if she is to be found."

"Don't go back to your morbid imaginings," says Mrs. Blount. "Captain Arkwright's departure is not a matter of importance to us; seeing that we are the only ones left here, now?"

"What?" says Mr. Singeton, advancing once more to the front, and now with an even more threatening air. "What, sir?" addressing Blount with a murderous glance.

"Wait not enough that you should come here to see my parlor-music—just you come here to visit my agitator—a so-and-so!"

"Furious!" "Yes, I understand that that so-and-so is your wife? Bigamist, without a law to support your wife?"

"Hardly possible."

"At any rate, I should like to see Mrs. Dalton."

Sudden, shrill shrieks from Mrs. Blount.

"Mrs. Blount's face grows crimson."

"Oh, at that rate!" says she in an awful tone.

"Good heavens! Off what are you accosting me now?" cries she savagely. "Do you think I have hidden her away?"

"Your wife thought so, certainly."

"Yes. Why shouldn't she think it after all?" turning angry eyes on him. "Wait not, give you and Cecil Dalton to have a secret between you and your wife my husband?"

Cecil Dalton would be the last person in the world to wish to create mischief between me and my wife," says Mr. Blount, gravely. "I shall therefore tell you at once all I know about her."

Whereupon he relates to Mrs. Dalton Mrs. Dalton's decision to enter her own living and her very natural desire that her late friends and acquaintances should be kept in ignorance of the fact that she epithet in life anew as a mere paid servant.

"Cecil Dalton," says Mrs. Blount in her querulous way, "Now, all that I said 'yes' holds good. Go to her. Question her, she may have a cure by this time to your wife's whereabouts."

"There is a tramp at Heston at 9 o'clock in the morning," says Blount rising, "I should go by that. Not that I expect any good will come of it."

From the railway station at Heston, to Mrs. Blount's villa pointed out to him by one of the village gypsies, a walk of about five minutes. Mr. Blount knocked at the door; there is a rather longer delay than is usual, and at last the door is opened in any sort of a half-sullen manner.

It is opened by Mr. Singleton's new master.

Mr. and Mrs. Blount stand on the hall doorway, staring into each other's faces.

"Godfrey!" breathes his wife in a trembled whisper. Being the woman, she is of course, the first to speak.

"She was right," am I not?" says Mr. Blount, shading, presumably, to Mrs. Blount.

"Oh, Godfrey, am I sorry—I—" here the color suddenly bursts into tears.

At this moment Mr. Singleton, coming out from his broad study room, appears upon the scene. He stands, he starts at first at his pretty parlour maid in tears, secondly at Mr. Blount, who is truly, between grief and rage, a hideous sight. To Mr. Singeton, who is of a very imaginary turn of mind, all is clear as day. His poor girl, who had fled home and sought refuge in seclusion, rather than endure a luxurious life of misery, has been discovered, and by this vile-looking man! Poor Blount! This blackguardly guardian or stepmother, isn't of the least convenience when to judge by his treacherous behaviour from a tie to his master.

"I say, you, sir!" says Mr. Singeton, advancing to the rescue of beauty in distress. "I give you to understand that this is my house, and those in it are under my protection."

"What, sir?" roars Blount in return.

"Oh, none of your violence here, my good fellow. Don't imagine that you can terrify me—that you can ride rough shod over me, as it appears you can over the weak, the unprotected."

"Is this a lunatic asylum?" demands Blount in return, his voice even louder than before.

"It isn't a lunatic asylum; you need have no fear. Prison is your future outlook, I said, when you know that you forbade me to be always with me this young boy."

"That is precisely what you may understand. Look here in turn, my good man, take my advice and go away quietly before some fatigued police."

"Go to the devil!" says Blount furiously.

"Do you know who this lady is, sir?"

"My parlor maid, sir."

"Tahan! For a few minutes nothing is heard except Mrs. Blount's sobs."

"Is it true?" asks Mr. Singleton at length; turning to her.

"Quite true. Quite. I am his wife. Oh, Godfrey!" pointing out her maid to him; then suddenly she turns to Mr. Singleton: "I cry to you to that prostrated and bewitched person. 'What a wretched, miserable man am I? How dare you say that you will send my Godfrey to a prison?'"

"This gross ingratitude proves too much for Mr. Singleton. That she—the poor herself—has been striving to prove,

from the cruel, relative—she would thus round upon him, overcomes almost altogether.

"'Tess my son!' I say to, not having anything else to say, apparently. And then recovering himself, "Mrs. Blount," says he, "Mrs. Blount, where are you? Where on earth are you, Mrs. Blount? Come, let me implore you. Come quickly and set things right if you can. And she ends," says he, "in a fit of sniffling, it's hard to say exactly at a time sniffling, and in a glass case that abounds at a corner of the room."

Mrs. Blount comes hurrying toward him with an anxious face; seeing Blount, and his wife she stands still, as if electrified.

"What! You are in it, too!" cries Mr. Singleton.

"You got my telegram, then," says Mrs. Blount.

"What?" says Mr. Singleton, advancing once more to the front, and now with an even more threatening air. "What, sir?" addressing Blount with a murderous glance.

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MAJOR SPAGUE.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION TAKES
OFF.

The Old Council Meets and Adjoins—A

Vote of Thanks to Ex-Mayor Stillman—

Mayor Sprague's Inaugural—Election of

City Officers.

A German dinner was given only one

evening from the meeting of the old city

council Monday night. After reading of

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THE SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.
Planning for a Successful Meet Next Week.

The ninth tournament of the Central District Sportsmen's Association, which was postponed from April 16 to April 27, will be held at the Broadmoor and grounds on next Tuesday and Wednesday. The shooting will commence each day promptly at 9 o'clock a. m., and entries will be closed just before the first squad leaves the scene. The target shooting will be conducted under the rapid firing system, and American association rules will govern all contests, except where it is otherwise specified. Refreshments and loaded shot will be on hand on the grounds.

The citizens' \$50 silver cup will be contested for at an individual shoot by members of the association, the cup to become the property of the winner. Sweepstakes and special matches will be arranged for in addition to the regular shoots. A purses will be divided. The handsome gold medal given by the GAZETTE will go to the member of the home club who makes the largest score during the tournament. So owing is the programme:

First Event	Preparatory shoot. Ten shots-blue rocks. Entrance \$1.
Second Event	Two pairs of singles. Entrance \$2.
Third Event	Unknown traps. Entrance \$1.
Fourth Event	Ten singles and three pair. Entrance \$2.
Fifth Event	Unknown traps to be held below the above. Entrance \$1.50.
Sixth Event	Ten singles and five pair. Entrance \$2.
Seventh Event	Five singles from unknown traps, and ten single from known traps, gun to be held below the above. Entrance \$1.
Eighth Event	Entrance Telegraph prize. Twenty singles. Entrance \$2.50.
Ninth Event	Ten singles. Entrance \$1.50.
SECOND DAY.	
Tenth Event	Ten singles. Entrance \$1.50.
Eleventh Event	Entrance \$1.50.
Twelfth Event	Fifteen singles and three pair. Entrance \$2.
Thirteenth Event	Unknown traps, gun to be held below the above. Entrance \$1.50.
Fourteenth Event	Twenty singles and five pair. Entrance \$2.
Fifteenth Event	Open to teams of five members belonging to any club in the association. Cup to become the property of the club winning it three times. Entrance per team, \$100.
Upwards, no action or orders at meeting; or in any way decided by association.	
Fifteenth Event	Twenty singles. Entrance \$1.
Sixteenth Event	Unknown traps. Entrance \$1.
Seventeenth Event	Twenty singles. Entrance \$2.00.
Eighteenth Event	Gun below the elbow. Entrance \$1.50.
COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.	

The annual Sunday school convention for El Paso county will be held in the First Baptist church, Colorado Springs, on April 30th and May 1st. A very interesting programme has been arranged, and it is hoped aousing meeting will result. Following is the programme:

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.	
3:00—Parade by the Sunday school children, starting opposite the First Methodist church, Kiro Street, march to Town Hall, then to Hotel Colorado, and thence to Nevada, up Nevada to the First Baptist church, Colorado Springs, where a children's mass meeting will be held, with short addresses to be made by Prof. Patterson, Rev. Dr. G. Sprague and Mr. L. C. Hartman, followed with songs and singing by the children.	
7:30—Prayer and Praise Service, led by Mr. Ward.	
8:00—Service by church of children, under direction of Rev. J. E. Ray.	
8:05—Address of W. Jones, Rev. Richard Montague, Rev. H. E. Warner, Rev. H. H. Bell, Rev. S. M. Chapman, Rev. H. E. Dickey, Rev. H. E. Warren, Rev. H. E. Carrington.	
8:15—Devotional Service, subject: "The Holy Spirit, the Teacher's Inspiration," led by Rev. G. Sprague.	
9:15—How can the Pastor best assist the Sunday School? Rev. C. C. Dickey.	
9:30—How can the Sunday school best assist the Dispensation opened by Rev. E. Hartman.	
9:45—Systematic Bible Study, Rev. J. B. Gregg.	
10:00—Discussion opened by Rev. E. E. Carrington.	
1:00—AFTERNOON.	
1:15—Devotional exercises led by Rev. E. E. Carrington.	
2:00—Influences for S. Work, Professor Magoun (Heb. 13:17), Rev. M. D. Orme, Dr. Arnold.	
2:15—How to Prepare the Lessons, Rev. Richard Montague.	
4:00—Reports of Committees, election of officers and other business, etc.	
4:45—Devotional Service, subject: "The Holy Spirit, the Teacher's Inspiration," led by Rev. G. Sprague.	
5:00—Reports of Delegates, including appointment of committees to close with singing by choir and benediction.	
FRIDAY MORNING.	
8:45—Devotional Service, subject: "The Holy Spirit, the Teacher's Inspiration," led by Rev. G. Sprague.	
9:15—How can the Pastor best assist the Sunday School? Rev. C. C. Dickey.	
9:30—How can the Sunday school best assist the Dispensation opened by Rev. E. Hartman.	
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5:00—Reports of Delegates, including appointment of committees to close with singing by choir and benediction.	

5:15—AFTERNOON.	
6:00—Song by children, followed by a devotional meeting and benediction.	
Death of T. F. C. Ford.	
Mr. T. F. C. Ford died at his home on South Cheyenne Avenue, at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. He was one of the founders of the city, having lived here for nearly eighteen years. His death was due to consumption of diseases arising originally from the grippe. He leaves behind him a wife and three children. Mr. C. Ford's occupation was that of a blacksmith and by careful attention to business, he had built up an excellent trade. He was one of the oldest members of the Nat. Fratres hose company, and was well known to the older residents of the city.	
Resolutions of Respect.	

The funeral of the late James S. Huston occurred Wednesday afternoon under the auspices of Colorado Springs Post No. 22, G. A. R. At a meeting of the post the following resolutions were adopted:

HEADQUARTERS COLORADO SPRINGS
Post No. 22, G. A. R.

Whereas, It is requested the Supreme Commander of the universe to transfer from the minority here to the Department of the majority beyond our atmosphere James S. Huston, therefore

Resolved, That in the name of Commandant Huston, the members of Post No. 22, G. A. R. have sustained the loss of a

faithful and tried comrade, who was always ready to respond to the calls of his country.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our deepest sympathy in their hour of trouble, knowing that they have lost a loving and devoted son, a kind and tender father and a valued friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased and the same spread upon the minutes of this post.

E. B. SHERMAN,
J. W. CHAPMAN,
Wm. EBDARD, Committee.

The College Gymnasium.

Interest in athletics at Colorado college is booming at rate, this being caused

in great part by the arrival of Dr. E. W.

Magoun, who is an enthusiast on the

subject. People who have been within

the walls of the college at any time during

the past few days have probably noticed

an unpolished, wooden building standing

a few rods to the south of the main

college building, and partly concealed by

the rise of the ground. This is the

college gymnasium, which is now ready for

occupancy. The building is a plain, one-

story structure, seventy-five long and

twelve feet wide. Below it are sub-

stantial white stone foundations, which

are to support at some future

time a stone gymnasium, which,

it is hoped, the faculty will find, will

cost in the neighborhood of \$60,000.

The amount of money expended on the

present gymnasium has been about \$2,500.

It is deemed sufficient to construct

a building capable of supplying all neces-

sary wants for the time being, and one

which will enable the military company

to persist in their exercises through all

the storms of winter. At one side of the

entrance is the dressing room, and at the

other a room to be used as an office.

There is a single pine floor throughout, and numerous large windows

complying of light and air. The

instructor is to be Dr. E. W. Magoun,

who came to the college as autumn as

professor of Greek. Dr. Magoun was

formerly instructor in the gymnasium of

John Hopkins' university at Baltimore,

and it is a most fortunate thing for the

college that he has been able to offer

any passengers. It is of forty horse

power and easily carries twenty

people, and can easily draw trailers

with motors. A Winstrom motor engine

has been ordered, and should have ar-

rived April 15. This is simply an enter-

prise to supply the wants of the

company.

The new power plant is

rushly progressing, and the additional

power will be ready as soon as needed.

As the improvements now under way

by this company will cost over \$65,000

and the value of the property \$50,000 more.

COLLISION AT ROSEWELL.

A slight collision occurred in the Rio

Grande yard at Roswell last night about

10 o'clock. Train No. 5, which left

Denver at 7:30, was pulling through the

yard when by some mistake a freight

train was switched upon the track in front of

the train. Five hundred feet of the

freight cars were derailed, and the

head of the engine broken, but no one was seriously hurt. The

train was delayed for an hour and fifty

minutes.

The young ladies of the college have

organized a glee brigade, without

rooms, under the command of Miss

Jane and Anderson. This is comprised

of the fair sex, and they have been making

use of the new building as well as

possible.

THE GLEE BRIGADE.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Dwyer, enter-

tained quite a large number of friends

at their residence on North

Weller. Invitations had been issued to

about twenty-five couples and

friends, and the house was filled with

people, and the room was filled with